

Too Tiny - Too Tight



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LARAN MITHRAS

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By

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Youth and inexperience are no match for old age and treachery.

CHAPTER 1

"Shut. The fuck. Up." I smashed the little alarm clock. "Stupid fucker." This adult stuff is lame as fuck, I thought. I groaned and rolled out of bed. If I had known nineteen was going to be so bad, I would've cut years ago and avoided all this. All the cool kids cut.

I swung my legs out and stepped on the fucking alarm clock. "Fuck!" I roared. I hopped around, teeth gritted. Fuckfuckfuckfuck. I smashed into a stack of boxes and toppled over them, driving my face into the closet door. Fuck! I gained my feet and did my best Super Saiyan imitation. I launched a kick at the boxes and bent my big toe so sharply I cried out in pain.

I gave up and limped into the bathroom. After my shower, I looked at my face closely in the mirror. "You're beautiful as fuck, Trevor, babe." I flexed my shoulders and hunched them a little, looking a little more muscular. My smooth skin stretched all the way down to my dick. Flat as a chalkboard. Perfect. My dick bobbed clean and light. I decided I didn't have time to jack off, so I combed my hair instead. Fine black hair, combed down straight over one eye. I skillfully combed it through and gave my best pouty look in the mirror. My lips were my best feature: lush and full like a woman's. Many boys said I had a pretty mouth. My wife said so, too.

Macy was already gone. Her shift in the Joltin' Java Coffee Hut had started hours ago. It was just after one in the afternoon and I had slept in before going to work. Being an adult meant I could. I shrugged into my skinny jeans and pulled on my size small t-shirt with the skull imprint. It was too small on me, but that's the way I liked it. Made me look more like a waif. A lot of guys dug on that. On went my hoodie and I grabbed the keys to my rusty VW bug. I was early, but what the fuck? I could munch on pizza.

The apartment was still stacked with boxes from our move-in the day before. Macy and I had crashed for two weeks at my friend Josh's house after we got married. We had looked for jobs. There wasn't much, but I scored my new job with just the right amount of head tilt to keep my eye covered, and a good pout.

Macy's mom had paid her a thousand dollars to get rid of her nose piercing and style her hair. We used that money for the apartment when Josh's mom went all dad on us and got all pissed off we were staying at their place. It was a good move and I felt I had finally made it in life. Married to the high school girl I had been balling and with the best job ever, I knew I was in the fast lane. Finally an adult.

I went out back to where the car lot was. The apartment was only a two-unit place. That old guy from the unit below us was out back on his weight bench. He was sitting, hunched over and looking like a mountain of grizzled muscle. He was fucking tall, too. Like six foot two or something. I bobbed my head at him.

His rough voice startled me and I jumped. He said, "You two fighting up there?" He peered at me with one eye, the other squinted shut. He was wearing some stupid looking hat with the brim turned up all the way around. His beard was black and gray and on the longer side of stubble.

"Huh?"

"I heard ya yellin'."

I snorted and nodded. "Oh, yeah. Alarm clock. I showed it some moves."

He grunted and shook his head. "An alarm clock? You know it's just doing its job, right?" His skin was tanned and his t-shirt taut over his fit frame.

I struck a what-the-fuck pose. "It pissed me off."

"Why'd you have it set so late?"

"I'm going to work."

"At this hour?" He scratched his neck as if really bothered.

"Yeah." I stood tall with pride. "I make pizza."

"No shit?" He didn't sound very impressed.

I couldn't help but smile. "That's right. Best job in the world."

He chuckled – a raspy sound not unlike sandpaper scraping across gravel.

I frowned. "What do you do?"

He rose slowly. And kept rising until he looked down at me. He stuck out his hand. "Bender."

I put my hand in his. His skin was rough like rock. I thought my skin would bruise just touching it. "What kind of job is that?"

He raised an eyebrow at me. "That's my name." He let go of my hand.

"Oh, sorry. Trevor."

"That girl you were with is your younger sister?" He asked.

"No, that's my wife, Macy."

He cracked a smile. "Your...wife?"

"Yeah."

"She's old enough to be married?"

"Eighteen. She's an adult now."

He grunted, coughed, then started laughing. "You don't say."

"I just did."

"Take it easy, boy—"

"I'm an adult. I'm nineteen."

He facepalmed and hid a laugh. "Okay, okay."

"So is Bender a nickname for like Benedict? Like Benedict Cumberbatch?"

He squinted down at me and made me feel very vulnerable. I pouted and ducked my head. He said, "Bend a dick who? Bend a dick cumber bitch?"

This guy doesn't know who Benedict Cumberbatch is? "You know, Sherlock Holmes?"

He shook his head. "My name is because I used to drink like a fish."

I was confused. "Fish drink?"

There went the facepalm again. He laughed. "I used to drink all weekend, from Friday night to Sunday night. Would find myself in amusing places on Monday morning."

I bobbed my head. "Sounds TD."

"What? Tee dee?"

"You know, dude, to die for."

He made a face I couldn't decipher. He clapped a hand down on my shoulder and I felt the strength of his iron grip all the way down to my balls. He said, "I ain't talking beer, boy. I've got a great whiskey if you want to try a man's drink sometime."

I checked my cell phone. I needed to get going. "Oh, you like want to Netflix and chill?"

"Fitchicks and nuts? What?"

"You know, watch a movie—"

"And hang out. I got it. Sure." He shrugged.

I bobbed my head. "I'm off tomorrow. Make it then and bring your strongest drink." I'm an adult now.

CHAPTER 2

"I hate my boss." I threw my hoodie down.

Macy looked up at me through her bangs, head tilted back to see under them. Her eye makeup was heavy and I liked that. I had often put some on mine and lined my eyes. Made the guys go all weak-kneed around me. The chicks loved it, too. Like I was instantly their best friend forever.

She said, "What happened?" She was squatted down looking through the bottom of a box. Her creamy tight legs made my dick swell.

"I'm making a killer pizza and the supervisor jumps my shit. Says I'm not putting enough pepperoni on. He goes all Hitler on me and says I have to use the scale and put the entire amount on the pizza."

"So?"

"So?" I threw up my hands. "Who puts that much pepperoni on a pizza? You make it look good and you cook it. It's an art. The fucking balls of the guy telling me – me! – how to make a pizza."

"Well, like, he's your boss."

"He's a fucking fat noob wannabe. Probably still lives with his mom."

"So did you do what the noob wanted?"

I bobbed my head. "Fuck yeah, I did. Then I spit on the pizza. Showed that fucker."

Macy's eyes went wide. "Was he looking? Did you get fired?"

"No, he had just turned away. Lucky for him."

She made a face. "Maybe more lucky for you."

"Nah, he knows better. I'll show him my moves. He can't fart without asking mommy first."

She blew upward and a bit of hair flipped up away from her eyes. "Try to keep the job; we need it."

"Yeah, yeah. But I'd bet anyplace would kill to have me."

"A lot of places turned you down, Trevor."

"No, I mean pizza places. I can make pizzas now. We never have to worry again. We could pick up and move to another town. Another state and there will always be a career for me."

She sighed. "The cable guy came earlier. We have internet."

"Whoo, we're lit."

"Going to play WoW?"

"Nah, I'll help with boxes."

She smiled.

I said, "That old guy down below us is coming over tomorrow."

"Oh?"

"Said he had a real man's drink. I was humoring him. He thinks whiskey is all great and shit. Thinks it's better than beer. I didn't tell him that shit was old man's drink."

"Yuck, beer."

"Beer's a man's drink. Awesome as fuck with pizza."

"You can drink beer all you want; I'll pass." She went back to sifting through the box.

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Tuesday night was my night off. And the next day, too. Almost a week of experience and I was already tired. I was really looking forward to kicking back and chilling. I looked at the boxes in the bedroom. Fuck them.

I wandered out into the small living room. Macy had done a snatched job. It was pristine. Our used couch was swank; it was leather with only one small tear. I plopped down on it.

Macy was in the kitchen. "You said that old guy was coming over?"

"Yeah."

"When?"

"I don't know."

She leaned on the counter, arms high. She was only five feet tall. I towered over her at five seven. "Should I break out another Ramen?"

"Nah, he just said he was bringing drink."

"Okay."

I missed her black hair. It had looked badass on her. "How long you doing the basic hair?"

"I don't know. I sort of like it like this."

I blew air out between my lips, derisively.

"I'm serious."

I flicked my fingers high. "Whatever."

She came and sat beside me, handing me a bowl.

"Thanks." I breathed in the faint spicy aroma. "Ah, nothing better than Ramen,

except pizza. The food of the gods."

"Are you really going to drink that guy's whiskey?"

I laughed. "Yeah, I'll humor him. When he sees how I can pound the stuff back, he'll whimper like an old fart."

He knocked on the door twenty-five minutes later.

I got up and answered it. "Hey, Bender."

"Trevor." He winked and waved a bottle of golden amber liquid.

Maybe it'll be as good as beer. Sure looks good in this light. I let him in.

He smiled at Macy. "You're Macy?" He appeared to be holding back laughter.

She smiled and nodded. "Bender, right?"

"That's what they call me. You have glasses?"

I said, "Sure, cups."

"Cups?"

I went into the kitchen and pulled down a plastic cup. I showed him.

He shook his head. "You don't have any glass?"

"Who uses glass anymore? Where do you even buy it? An antique store?"

He gave me an eyebrow and placed the whiskey on the counter. "You don't drink whiskey out of plastic, ever. I'll go get some glass."

I laughed. "Oh, all fancy and shit, huh?"

He chuckled and shook his head.

Macy looked embarrassed. After he left, she said. "Glass? Who uses glass anymore?"

I shrugged. "Fuck if I know."

"You really can't drink whiskey from plastic?"

I made a raspberry. "He's bullshitting. He's just old." I let him back in a moment later.

He placed three heavy glasses down.

I said, "Our cups are that size."

"But yours are plastic." He twisted and popped out a cork top from the bottle.

I gawked. "Is that seriously a cork? What is that from? Like, last century?"

He gave me a pained look. "Many bottlers still use corks." He poured a liquid that looked like pure gold. He didn't pour very much. He handed me a glass.

I looked at him in disbelief. "That's not very much. Think I won't like it or something? I mean, there's barely a sip in there."

He laughed. His gravel sound was filling and pleasant. "Gimme your glass, then." He poured more and handed it back.

I raised it. "Thanks."

He carried one over to Macy and handed it to her. He said, "Sip slow."

My wife looked down into the glass as if searching for something threatening. She sniffed it and coughed. "Wow."

He chuckled and sat on the other end of the couch. He almost took up a third of it – not with fat, but for just being one, big man.

I sat in the middle and showed him how easily I could drink alcohol. I took a basic beer gulp, draining half the glass.

Bender squinted at me. "Whoa there, take it easy."

I couldn't respond. I had swallowed it all and suddenly felt the blazing burn of its passing. I coughed and wheezed out, "Holy fuck, is there like Dave's Hot Sauce

in this or something?"

Macy sounded concerned. "Are you okay?"

I waved her off, not wanting to look like a noob in front of the old man. "Yeah, just a surprise." A wave of heat ran up my neck to the top of my head and my ears broke out in a sweat. I blew out a breath, catching a cascade of flavors crossing my tongue. I licked my lips. "That's..."

"Peat moss, oak casks. A bit of fruity flavor."

I blinked in surprise; he was right. "Whoa, yeah, I taste it now."

Macy, not wanting to be left out, took a large swallow of hers, but not as much as I had. She blinked several times and turned red. "Oh...my..."

Bender was chuckling, shaking his head. "You sip whiskey, you don't gulp it." He took a large sip of his and closed his eyes.

I looked into my glass. Fuck, I don't want to make a whole YouTube presentation demonstrating the etiquette of drinking fucking booze. What's the issue? I felt the room sway a little and felt relaxed. I took half of the rest into my mouth and swallowed. It burned again, but not as bad, and this time I didn't cough. The buzz intensified. "Not bad." I bobbed my head.

He laughed and slapped his knee. "That's a twenty year old single malt whiskey."

Is that good? Fuck if I know. "Oh yeah?"

We drank the bottle.

CHAPTER 3

I was smacked; so was Macy. But Bender had nothing more than glassy eyes. I rubbed my head. "That's stronger than beer, dude."

The big man laughed and his sounds tickled my dick. "No shit, Sherlock."

Macy slurred, "I kinda like it. Maybe I'll have one more."

He turned serious. "Maybe that's enough for you. You're too small for much more of this." He waved his glass.

I frowned. "She's not small." She was, but the standard response to an older person was to counter anything they said – to make sure your place and part as a human being is understood.

Bender laughed and finished his fifth glass. I was still on my fourth. He rumbled, "She's way too small." He leaned across me to ask Macy, "Are you sure you're eighteen?"

My wife stiffened. "Of course I am. I turned adult four months ago."

He chuckled.

I felt his heat near me and I hardened in my pants. This dude was serious sexy. I said, "She's all woman." I bobbed my head, thinking of her pussy.

He twisted his head, still leaned over me and looked at me through one eye. "Woman? Are you kidding? She's just a girl."

Macy's voice was indignant. "I'm a grown woman."

He looked back at her. "No disrespect, but you're just a girl. You're way too small to be a woman."

She lifted her chin. "What makes you say that?"

He chuckled. "Well, if you're asking..."

"I am." She sipped off the last of her whiskey.

Bender's hand came down on my knee to support his leaning. I fucking got rock hard. He said, oblivious to his effect on me, "You have no hips, no breasts, and no shape. You're straight as a stick."

I pouted at him. "That's sexy."

He laughed. "No it ain't."

I said, "It makes me all hard, her looking like a boy."

He leaned away from me. "Are you one of those gay boys?"

I got all offended. "You dissing me? I'm not homosexual; I'm pansexual."

He squinted. "You fuck frying pans?"

I coughed in perfect indignation to show him how ignorant he was. "No, it means I'm for it all."

He leaned a little further away. "Well I guess I can see why you married Macy, then."

"What are you saying?"

Macy chipped in, "Yeah?"

"Well, she doesn't look like a woman, except for her hair."

I shifted to let my erection pop up more. Guys always dig seeing it and I wanted him to see how sexy I was. "But she is a woman."

"She doesn't look like one. And I know she wouldn't be able to handle a man."

"What?"

Macy sounded irritated. "What do you mean by that?"

He still hadn't noticed my erection. His sandy-clean smell was competing with the drink and I leaned toward him, pouting my sensuous lips.

Bender was looking at Macy. "Well, stand up and I'll show you."

She dutifully stood, hands on the beltline of her shorts.

He pointed. "Stick legs and almost no gap to speak of." He pointed at her crotch.

I grabbed my crotch to adjust it better and said, "Gap?"

He still hadn't noticed. "Yeah, see the gap there? Her pussy probably couldn't even take my finger. I can't see how she'd have sex with a man."

I bobbed my head. "I hate to break it to you dude, but she and I are active."

He gave me a funny look. "Then you must be really small." He looked down and finally noticed my erection. A small smile smirked up half his face.

I waited for his compliment and licked my lips.

Macy said, "Yep, we're active."

Bender cleared his throat, looking away to her. "Like I said, you couldn't handle a real man."

I felt the dis. "Hey, my dick is plenty for any man or woman."

He laughed. "Men, too?"

I nodded. "Well, yeah. Like all the guys I've been with love my dick."

His eyebrow shifted and his voice dropped. "I bet they do."

I felt the dis again. "Hey now, I have a reputation as a master cocksucker."

He facepalmed and laughed. "Kid, that's not the same as being a man. And with that little lump there, I bet it's still too large for Macy."

"Well, yeah, she's tight—"

His laughter interrupted me.

Macy was still standing. "What are you laughing at, and what is this gap-thing? I thought gaps were bad."

Bender shook his head. "Nothing wrong with a gap if the legs cover for it. It shows you have some room to maneuver." He pointed at hers. "But yours? I don't even think my finger would fit in there."

I looked at his finger. It actually was pretty big. But I denied it as an excuse to show him. I wanted him to drool when he saw my sex. "Nah, my dick is bigger than your finger." I unzipped and took it out.

The old man looked embarrassed. "Trevor, son, you don't just go whipping your dick out all over the place."

"Why? This isn't school."

"No, it's called real life. And that thing? That's not a dick. And even as small as that is, she's still tight to you? Crazy."

I was totally outraged. "Dude, this is bigger than any of the dicks I've ever sucked—"

"That's not something to brag about—"

I was angry, and drunk. "The fuck it ain't. Not only does it show I'm an adult, but a real man. And since this is larger than all my friends—"

Macy interrupted me. "He's telling the truth, you know."

I said, "Yeah."

He looked back and forth between us. "You both really are serious, aren't you?"

My wife nodded.

I nodded, too. Meanwhile, I was stroking my dick so he could see how impressive it was.

He shook his head. "You've got a dick the size of an eight year old. That makes

me certain for sure she couldn't handle a real man."

I felt defensive for her. "She can handle a real man."

Macy agreed. "Of course I can."

I piled on. "You know you're impressed with this. Don't lie."

His face grew irritated. "Lying isn't something I do. I ain't got the biggest in the world, but that thing there you got isn't—"

I laughed at him. "You don't even have one this size, do you?"

Macy giggled. She sat down with an authoritative bounce. "I bet he doesn't."

Bender blew out a breath and shook his head. "If we're playing show and tell..." He unzipped his jeans and stood. He dropped them off and kicked them free. "Now this is a dick."

Macy's eyes went wide and her hand shot up to cover her mouth.

I gaped. "Oh my god, that's like so beautiful."

He leaned back and chuckled. "Ain't never heard it called that before." His cock was heavy and hanging. Even limp it was twice as thick as mine.

I reached out. "Can I touch it?"

He gave me a funny look and looked at Macy. He hooked a thumb at me. "You don't mind him touching dick?"

She shook her head, unable to speak. She almost looked frightened.

He shrugged. "If you got it in ya, go for it. Get it hard and you'll see what I'm talking about."

I reached out and grabbed his heavy flesh. I had never seen anything like it, except maybe in gay videos. It was gorgeous. I began lightly stroking it, making sure to lick my lips to give him the signal I'd be willing to suck it.

Macy gulped. "Wow, can I?"

Bender chuckled. "Sure thing, little one. It'll get hard faster."

My wife's hand joined mine and we stroked that amazing tool hanging in front of us.

I leaned close to her. "Maybe he's right. I think this is seriously too big for you."

She couldn't answer.

We stroked him together until the old man became hard and erect.

Bender's cock was slaying. And I mean slaying.

CHAPTER 4

My wife and I worshipped that cock. I was so amazed at its girth and length. It wasn't a huge monstrosity or anything, but fatter than mine by twice and at least eight inches long. Maybe nine, I couldn't tell. It made my sleek five inch manhood feel tiny. It just looked so big when it was fully hard. His girth erect was triple mine. My fingers did not touch encircling it. It also looked nasty and angry. Veins corded around it and it was solid as a rock. The helmet was a little larger than a golfball. The thickness widened even more at the base.

I batted my eye up at him. "Can I suck it?"

He looked unsure.

Macy said, "I'd like to try, too."

He relaxed a little. "Er, sure. Go ahead and take turns on it. But I doubt you'll get your mouth over it."

I leaned forward and sucked him in. It was way, way bigger than any dick I'd had in my mouth from any of my friends before. It was almost so big I couldn't breathe. I pulled off. "How did you get this so big?"

He coughed and laughed. "Eating beef and avoiding soy, is my guess."

"But soy is good for you."

He snorted. "Free advice: if the TV says it, disbelieve it."

I wasn't sure about all that. I mean, TV had an obligation to the truth. It was the law and shit. I sucked him again, feeling the strength of his shaft in my mouth. He tasted clean and his skin was smooth on my tongue. It was awesome.

He grunted. "I've never had a guy suck me before... But, you're pretty good at that. Just don't tell my friends I let you."

I pulled off. "Why not?" I jacked his cock and looked up at him with my pout.

"Er, they wouldn't understand."

"Oh."

Macy nudged me. "Let me try."

Bender shifted eagerly over and my wife grabbed his shaft in her slender hands. He sighed happily and she began stuffing his cock into her mouth.

I giggled. She looked adorable trying to get it in. My cock twitched as her lips passed around the helmet. She started moving her head back and forth on him and I felt proud of her. I cheered. "Whoo! Yaaaasss!"

Bender was stroking her hair with his eyes closed.

She had both hands gripping the base as she sucked on the large mushroom head. It looked nasty and good.

I grabbed out my phone and took a picture. Then I recorded a short video of it. My cock was straining. I nudged her and said, "Let me. Get a pic and vid of it."

Bender chuckled.

Macy wiped her lips and took my phone. "I'm going to want copies."

"Sure thing, bae." I grabbed his pole and stuffed it back into my mouth. I went as deep as I could and ran my lips back and forth over his rigid manhood. This was awesome. I fucked his shaft with my mouth and gave him the best I could.

Macy breathed next to me, "That looks so hot. He tastes good."

"Mmm." I mumbled. I pulled back and ran my tongue all around the head.

She said, "I'd like to do more."

Bender pulled back. "Maybe. I figured we'd get it hard to show you there was no way she could handle something like this. She's a girl, not a woman."

Macy said, "Hey, I got my mouth around it."

"Yeah, but I doubt you have a gap big enough to handle this."

She held up her hands. "What does a gap have to do with anything?"

I said, "Yeah."

He gripped his shaft and stroked it. "The gap gives a hint to the width a woman can handle. The bigger the gap, the more room. With Macy's looking that small, I think my finger would be all she could handle."

I looked back and forth between my wife and his cock. "I think...he's right."

She swayed a little. "Hey, I could try. I think I'm woman enough."

"I don't know...but that's an epic cock. Do you think you can?"

My wife bit her lip. "I can try."

Bender's face was split in a big white-toothed smile. "That's the spirit."

Macy stood unsteadily and undid her shorts. She was trembling, but dropped them to the floor.

The old man smiled appreciatively. "Shaved bald, too. Or have you not grown any hair yet?"

She coughed. "No, I shave."

"Very cute."

Macy placed hands on hips. "Cute?"

Bender shrugged. "I don't mean anything by it, I just bet in twenty years you'll have filled out."

I made a face. "In twenty years? She'll be old." The distaste on my face was obvious.

Bender gently took her arm. He said to me, "She'll be in her prime."

Macy was drawn closer to him and she used it to take his cock in her hand again.

She bit her lip.

I took a picture of them like that.

He reached down and grabbed up his jeans.

I said, "Wait, aren't you going to try?"

Macy looked worried, her hands clasped in front of her and her feet crossed over opposite each other. "Yeah, I'd like to try."

Bender paused and then straightened. "Sure, no problem. I was just getting my oil." He held up a little bottle he'd taken out of his jeans.

Macy said, "Oil?"

"Oh yeah, let me tell you, there's no way without some lube."

I frowned. "Is that like motor oil or something?"

He shook his head. "Avocado oil. Odorless, tasteless."

"Why not use KY?" Even I knew what KY was. Was he so old he didn't know about KY?

He shook his head. "Parabens. Those things cause cancer. You don't want her getting cancer down there, do you?"

"Uh..." Old farts seem to know everything.

He looked towards the bedroom. "A flat surface is best. Your bed okay?"

She nodded. "It's clean."

He smiled, nodded, gave me a wink, then guided her to the bedroom.

I jumped up, trying to stuff my dick back in my pants. It wouldn't go. Frustrated, I kicked off my skinny jeans. This is going to be epic. Fucking old guy was right. I hope she can take it. That would prove she's an adult.

I found her in the bedroom, lying back on the bed. He was pulling her legs open

and towards him. I glanced at her pussy; it looked way too small.

She saw my worried look and she copied it.

I sat on the bed next to her and clasped her hand.

Bender got her into position, then he shook his head. "Not happening."

I panicked. "Aren't you even going to try?"

He made a considering face. "I can try, but I think we're going to have to work on her for a while first. Her pussy is tiny. Definitely need to work on it."

"What do you mean?"

She was lying, head up, looking worriedly down her body.

He frowned. "Trevor, get down here and suck me again. I need to be as hard as I can for the oil to work right."

I eagerly dropped down. I filled my mouth with his hot cock and sucked like it was my last night on Earth. He was doing something to Macy, but I couldn't see it. She gasped a few times.

He grunted. "That's enough. I can try, but she's tight even on my finger - lubed up and everything."

I got up and sat next to Macy. The bedroom swayed and I fell off the bed. "Fuck." I started laughing.

Macy pleaded, "Get up here."

"Okay, okay." When I sat again, Bender was working his oiled fingers up and down her pussy lips. He dipped the tips in a couple times. She tensed each time. I petted her hair. "You can do it." You have to do it.

She bit her lip and glanced at me. "I'll try."

The old man swept off his little hat, revealing short black hair shot through with gray streaks. He wiped his forehead and leaned in close to the bed. He gripped his cock and aimed it for Macy's pussy. He didn't try to put it in, though, and I

wondered what he was trying to do. He rubbed the head all over her pussy and up and down her lips.

Macy was trembling, tense and head lifted to look down at what was happening. "I don't know..."

I squeezed her hand. "Try. Think of it like grinding in WoW. Just be patient and do it."

Bender sounded confused. "Grinding in Wow? What's that?"

I almost laughed at his ignorance. "World of Warcraft."

"What's that?"

I laughed out loud. "Dude, it the biggest MMO there is."

"What's an MMO?"

"Never mind." You just can't explain things to old people. I shook my head. But he took my breath away by pushing the head of his cock against Macy's hole.

CHAPTER 5

I held my breath as Macy tensed against the onslaught. I saw the head swell with pressure. It was slick with oil, but not moving. Bender readjusted his arms and pushed – not real hard, just steady. His shaft strained.

Macy trembled, a look of worry and fear on her face. Her mouth was open, ready to cry out.

Bender shook his head and pulled back.

I said, "Aren't you going to try?"

He chuckled. "I just did. It's like trying to shove my dick into a keyhole."

"It's not that small."

"It feels like it. She's too tight. The opening doesn't expand at all."

I pouted. "It opens for me."

He scratched his chin. "Maybe if you hold her open, that would help."

"Her legs?"

"Nah, her pussy. Get both hands down there and pry her apart. As far as you can without hurting her."

I nodded eagerly. "Sure, okay." I ran my fingers over her lips and moved them aside. Sliding a couple of fingers in, I pulled her open. "How's that?"

He was making a doubtful face. "Better. Can you go wider?"

I wasn't sure I could. I asked her, "How does this feel?"

Macy blew her bangs out of her eyes. "Like I'm being stretched, but it's kinda

numb down there from the drinking. See if you can go more."

With the whiskey we had drank, I was pretty numb, too. I pulled a little more, my thin arms shaking with the effort.

She flinched a little. "Ah, okay, there."

The old man hefted his erection and shook his head.

I said, "Come on, dude, at least try."

He blew out a breath and moved forward. He angled his cock to the hole I held open. I felt the helmet brush past my fingers and nestle up against the opening. He pushed and I felt the pressure in my fingers. He really was trying to get his cock into my wife's pussy, but it just wasn't going. I shook my head. "It's not even slipping. Just stopped there."

He stood up and shook his head. "Your wife's just too small."

Macy sounded hurt. "I'm sorry."

Bender's face softened. "Oh, no little one, don't feel bad. If you want, we can work at it."

A hope lit her face. "Work at it?"

He took his bottle again and put a little bit of oil on his fingers. "Sure, it's easy. I get you used to my fingers. First one, then two. Might take a few days." He knelt down and inserted one finger into her pussy. "Uh, maybe even a couple weeks."

She gasped and went rigid. "Oh...wow."

He moved his finger a little, then began a steady back and forth motion. "When you get used to that, we can add a finger. Then we can try my dick again."

She raised her head. "How long would that take?"

He shrugged. "A couple weeks, probably? But I think we might be able to get you ready."

Her face lit up like the sun. "Okay." She giggled.

I was stroking my cock, feeling good. "Come by in the evenings, then."

He frowned. "I thought you worked?"

"Oh yeah, but you can come over and get her ready. Just... Well, I'd like to be here to see if you really ever do get it in her. You know, pics and vids."

He winked at me. "I promise."

I raised my arms in a victory salute. "Yaaasss!"

~ ~ ~

I was anxious the next day, but he just worked her pussy with his finger on the couch. It definitely wasn't going to happen that day.

I was in bed a few days later, face down and enjoying being an adult. No parents to go all dad on me and nag my ass about sleeping in all day. No chores to do.

Macy bounced on the bed in an attempt to wake me up.

I groaned.

"Do you think Bender is handsome?"

I groaned.

"He's not pretty or anything, but..."

I groaned.

"He's sort of attractive...in a rough way."

I rolled over. "Yeah, I guess." I rubbed my face.

"I hope he can get it in me; I don't want other adults to think I'm not a woman."

"Yeah."

"I need to prove this thing."

"Yeah."

"You really liked sucking his dick?"

"Yeah."

"Talk to me."

"I am." Like, duh.

"This is almost like a ship with him."

She was referring to a relationship and I sort of felt it, too. "Yeah."

"I feel so lucky..."

"About what?"

She looked at me through her bangs. "That he's here to prove us. I feel almost like I'm graduating again."

I chuckled. "We're done with school. Fuck that."

"No, I mean like now we're graduating to real life. More than just passing the stupid tests."

I grunted.

She grabbed at my dick. "We shouldn't let this morning woody go to waste."

"You don't want to save it for his finger?"

"Nah, I'm anxious to have him actually get it in – if he can."

I settled back and watched her shimmy out of her shorts. She whipped off her t-shirt and climbed over me. "His finger still feels big?"

"No, not so much anymore. I guess I actually can stretch." She lowered her tight pussy over my cock. It didn't feel any different, except that she slid easily down on it. She still felt tight.

I let her do the work. "Has he tried a second finger?"

Her eyes were closed. "No. Just sort of toyed around while his other finger was in me." She moved more fluidly and opened her mouth in a silent pant. "I hope he can get it in me."

"Me too." I played with her tits. The barest bit of puffiness told me where to rub – and her nipples, of course.

She moved on me harder. "I'm glad you do. This feels like something I need to do."

"Have you been enjoying his finger?"

She giggled. "Well, it's just a finger, so it's not really the same, but...yes. It feels good and he's gentle."

"When I saw his cock trying to get in you, I thought it would tear you open."

She trembled and gasped. "Yeah..." Her hips bucked on me hard. "Yeah, yeah..."

"I hope it doesn't hurt when he finally does get it in you—"

She cried out, riding me wildly.

I thought of one of my guy-friends riding me like this and I felt my orgasm build. "Better pull off."

She convulsed and got off me, still panting and shaking.

I gasped, "Suck it, fast."

She slurped on me as I imagined Jason's tight ass flexing on my lap. I sprayed her mouth with my cum.

CHAPTER 6

Days went by. Bender came over most every night, but not all of them. He was a bouncer and had an odd schedule. He fingered Macy and tried a couple of times to stick his massive cock in her, but it wasn't going. He did succeed in getting two fingers in, but that was two weeks later.

I felt on top of the world, but also pressure. My career was going great and I got my first paycheck. Fuck, it was small. How was I supposed to buy a new Playstation 4 with that shit? My list with all the extras for it was over eleven hundred dollars. I had to have it. But there was no way I could get it now after paying bills. I'd have to ask mom for one. She was a pushover and would get me anything.

Another couple of weeks passed with little progress on the Macy grind. One week was lost due to her period. It was like needing to raid in WoW and the internet is off for a week. This was extra fucked.

Macy even tried to help it all along. Sometimes I'd find her with her hand down her shorts.

"What are you doing?"

She had looked at me with worried eyes. "I'm using my fingers to stretch it. I'm afraid I'll never be able to take a man like him."

I understood. She was putting forth extra effort, like playing level catch-up in an MMO. Sometimes you had to give that extra effort to catch up to your friends – who weren't waiting.

I got to the point when I was home where I let Bender work with her in the bedroom while I watched TV. He didn't seem all too interested in getting his cock sucked and he definitely wasn't touching mine. I made him promise again to make sure I was there if it ever did happen. I was beginning to have my doubts. Why can't my wife be a real woman? Yeah, she's small, but she should be able to handle anything. Real women did. She needs to get serious or this is

going to be fucked. It's like being married to a gimped wife. Not cool.

~ ~ ~

I heard moans on a Tuesday night. Curious, I got up and went into the bedroom. Macy was laid back on the bed with Bender's face between her legs. I smirked. "Dude, you got a fat tongue, too?"

He squinted over at me. "Getting her relaxed. Going to try in a couple minutes."

I perked right up. "Oh yeah? Can I suck your dick while you do that?"

He made a face and his tone was reluctant. "Yeah, I guess so."

I eagerly stripped my skinny jeans. He was already naked from the waist down. "Take off your t-shirt, man. I wanna see." I fondled my dick.

He gave me an eyebrow, but took it off. His chest was leanly muscled, not over-pumped like a musclehead. I felt power there. His shoulders were broad and I fantasized about biting them. I stroked a full erection.

He went back to licking Macy's pussy up and down.

I got down on the floor and scooted between him and the bed. I grabbed that epic cock and began sucking. He was only half-hard, so it was easy. My tongue and the roof of my mouth felt him harden. The veins began bulging out and my mouth widened with its growth. It was extra awesome. I felt him begin to tremble. Macy's moans were heavenly. I stroked my dick as fast as I could.

He pulled away and grabbed up his oil bottle. "Going to try. She's close; I can get two fingers in easily and the start of a third."

I gasped, "Awesome."

Macy was leaned up, grinning at me. "Isn't it great?"

I nodded. "As fuck." I kept stroking my dick while he oiled the head of his cock.

I watched him lean over her. I picked up my phone from the nightstand and took a picture. Then I began recording.

He had a determined look on his face and his shaft was fully engorged and veiny. It looked like one thick muscle. He moved it up and down her lips and settled against her opening.

Macy rested her head back and began taking deep breaths.

Bender nudged her thighs. "Wider."

She spread her little legs wider.

"Wider."

She shifted her hips, throwing her legs as wide as they'd go.

I got my phone close. His cock was pointing straight into her, the head pressed tight against her hole. His rough hands grabbed her waist and began pulling. His hips pressed forward. Her thighs corded up with tension.

He said, "Try to relax." His muscles subtly began defining themselves as he worked at it. The head of his cock was smashed, ballooning up with the pressure.

Macy gasped and wriggled her hips. "Uhn... I can feel..." she gasped again, "it stretching..." Her face screwed up in a grimace and she whimpered. The head of his cock looked different.

I moved the camera closer. The head wasn't ballooned anymore. "Oh, fuck! It's going in!" I panted and jacked my cock.

Bender was straining, sighing and grunting with each breath. Macy whimpered a little louder. Finally, he pulled back and blew out a breath. "Close. Very close."

I wanted to shake him. "Keep trying. You were going in!"

"Barely. But I felt the head start. No more tonight; I think tomorrow's the winner."

I felt totally bummed out. "Oh, come on!"

He sighed. "Hey, I'd like to, believe me. But trust me when I say tomorrow it will be better. This has taken a lot of work and you said you wanted to be here."

"Oh, man." I shut off the phone. "Yeah, tomorrow is the last day this week to see it."

He nodded. "I think tomorrow is it. We'll give it a go."

"Fuck." I let go of my dick.

He clapped me on the shoulder and my dick jerked upwards. "Patience, son. I'm confident now she can take it. Just a little more time."

Macy was gasping. "I...hope so."

Bender smiled real big. "I think you will. You're right at the edge."

"It starts to hurt."

He nodded. "That's why we're giving it more time. A couple weeks ago you could barely take my finger."

She laughed nervously. "Yeah. I've been helping, too. Trying to stretch it open more."

He put hands on hips and nodded once upward. "Yeah, I thought you began loosening faster. Good for you." His cock was slowly going limp. "Well, tomorrow night, then."

~ ~ ~

I was anxious all day. I couldn't wait.

Macy twisted her fingers around when she got home. "What if I can't? What if I've reached my limit?"

I kept rubbing my jeans. "Don't worry; you'll do it."

"But he's so big."

"Yeah."

"I don't know if I can."

"Tonight's the night; I can feel it."

She pouted. "I hope you're right." She didn't sound confident. She sat next to me and rubbed my jeans. "You really want this, too?"

"You know I do."

"Why?"

"His challenge has to be met. We need to prove to him you are really an adult woman. We can't have him running around talking behind your back that you're just some little girl."

"Is it that? Or are you embarrassed of me?"

She hit the nail on the head and I blushed furiously. "No, it's not that."

Tears welled in her eyes. "It is, isn't it?"

"No, seriously." I held up a hand.

She didn't believe me.

Why did this have to come up now?

She sighed heavily. "I'll do it; I swear."

I nodded.

~ ~ ~

My cock ached by the time Bender knocked on the door. I ushered him in with impatience. He went straight to the bedroom and Macy eagerly followed him, head down and hands clasped tightly together.

I unplugged the phone from the charger and turned it on. Hoping to give him a blowjob, I was disappointed. He began oiling his cock. His face had an intense look on it and so did Macy's. My wife locked gazes with him and their jaws set with determination. He oiled her pussy next with light strokes.

Macy gasped and moved her hips, enjoying his rough fingers sliding over her clit.

I shed my jeans and began stroking. I was already close.

Bender jacked his cock until it was hard and thick. Then he leaned over my wife. "Spread them wide." She did and he applied the head of his cock to her pussy lips. He began pushing. "We're getting this in there tonight, little girl."

My wife moaned and went limp.

His muscles began defining themselves as he pushed. Once again, I saw the head change shape. Faster than yesterday, for sure. Her body began to tremble and her eyes were tightly closed. Her mouth was open and she was making whistling sounds through her teeth.

The big man pushed his epic erection. I got the phone in there and recorded her lips spreading around the head. He gasped. "I can feel the opening with my head." He grunted, pushing. "Just a little more."

Come on, do it. Do it! My hand was shaking. I let go of my cock with my other hand and just let it ooze freely. A long drool of precum swung from my dick and I realized I was getting totally turned on by this. Come on, come on, come on...

Her face scrunched up and she began holding her breath.

Bender eased back. "Don't hold your breath; you'll tense up."

She whispered through gritted teeth, "I'm trying."

"Relax." He pulled back until his cock wasn't touching her. She relaxed

suddenly, all her limbs going limp. She let out a long breath.

When she had taken several breaths, he applied his cock again. The head pushed in against her hole and stopped again. He whispered, "Almost there. Ready for the push?"

She nodded.

His hands gripped her hips and pulled hard. His cock pressed and strained at my wife's hole. She panted with effort and concentration, but it wasn't moving. Bender blew out a breath. "I can feel it. You're so close. It's like a tight donut ring around my helmet. Just a little more and you'll be past the rim of it."

She whimpered as he pushed again. His cock bulged and strained, the veins standing out with effort. She clamped her teeth together and groaned. Her legs began shaking.

Bender groaned and pulled back. "Soo close."

I was gasping. "Keep trying."

"I don't know."

"Keep trying."

He tried again. He tried to stuff his cock into my wife for two more hours.

~ ~ ~

Bender was dressing. "Sorry, kid. Maybe tomorrow. Probably definitely tomorrow. She was close."

Macy had tears in her eyes, but also circles. She was tired.

I felt helpless. "I work tomorrow."

He shrugged. "Next week then."

Macy sat up on the bed straighter. "What about in the morning? Like five?"

He scratched his chin. "Yeah, I'm up then."

She said excitedly, "I go to work at six forty-five. And Trevor is here in bed."

He looked at me.

I nodded, warming to the idea. "Sure. Beats missing out for a week." The idea of being awake so early was not a happy one, but it was going to be my only chance until the next week. "Let's do it."

CHAPTER 7

I was shaken awake. Macy was leaning over me. "He's here."

Bender stood behind her. His hair was damp and he smelled strongly of Ivory soap and belt leather. I woke up almost immediately. I sat up, rubbing my eyes. "Oh, yeah, okay." I got up to go use the bathroom.

I was sitting, peeing, when I heard Macy moaning out with pleasure. Fuck, couldn't they wait? I washed up quickly and went out, deflating when I saw she was only getting eaten. The big man was knelt down stroking himself while he licked my wife. I said, "You want me to suck you?"

He gave me a look like I was bothering him, but his face softened. "Sure, kid. Get down here."

I still didn't like him calling me a kid, but I was hoping that would all vanish when we proved to him we weren't. It all depended on Macy now, my tiny little wife. Not even five foot, he was a giant standing next to her. I got down and crawled in. I eagerly took his cock into my mouth and began licking like a cock-hungry whore. I slobbered my lips back and forth on his shaft like my mouth was a pussy. I could feel his strength and power through his erection. The man could pick me up and break me in two. That made my cock twitch and pre-cum to drool from it. I moaned on his shaft and grabbed my dick. I began beating furiously.

His cock flexed several times in my mouth. Finally, he said, "Enough, boy. It's time."

I crawled out and unplugged my phone. My dick was standing high and throbbing.

Macy had a hesitant smile on her face as he oiled her lips. She said, "Put extra on. I'm super horny."

He chuckled. "Ready?"

She nodded.

I turned on the overhead light. The dawn outside wasn't bright enough yet.

He settled against her and gripped her hips. His feet were out for leverage as he leaned over her. "Here we go." He pushed. Much like the previous night, he hit that wall of tension at her small opening. He eased back, moving his hips around. He pressed again. The head of his cock began changing shape – going from ballooned to normal as the head slipped further in.

I petted Macy's thigh. I whispered, "You can do it."

Bender was straining, breathing in short breaths. He whispered, "Just a little more. So tight..."

Macy's body trembled. "Please..."

The man pulled back and adjusted. He pushed again and grunted. "Fuck, your wife is tight." He strained some more.

I had the camera close. I saw movement. "Dude! I think it's going in!"

Neither answered me. He kept pushing and Macy kept jerking her legs out wider and wider. She arched her back, a grimace on her face.

Bender pulled back and sighed heavily. He was grinning and winked at me. "I think this is it." He pushed again and Macy grabbed his arms, pulling. Her hips moved frantically, then settled into a slow grind. The head of Bender's cock began disappearing again. Deeper.

Macy let out a surprised gasp and a jerk.

Bender chuckled and pushed harder, muscles standing out on his back, feet wide and pushing. His cock began sliding in.

I was stunned. I dropped the phone and had to pick it up. I was speechless.

Bender whispered. "Don't worry, I'm just going to pull out a little to make sure everything's in place."

My wife nodded eagerly.

The head of his cock came out, slick with oil and juices. It looked fucking sweet. He moved it around her swollen lips and pushed again. This time, there was no resistance. His epic shaft began sliding in slowly, veins and thickness sliding and disappearing into my wife's pussy. The head was gone, inside her.

I groaned desperately and jacked my dick.

He pulled out again, smiling.

Macy looked horrified. "What are you doing? I need it."

"Relax, girl." He grabbed her around the waist and tossed her back further on the bed. He climbed onto it. He took her legs and lifted them, folding them at the knee. Her hips were tilted up, her pussy aimed at the ceiling. He climbed over her, shaking the whole bed. He angled his cock down and positioned it.

Oh fuck, he's going to pile drive her pussy!

I sat on the edge of the bed, my phone aimed right at his epic cock. It was sticking straight down into her opening as he leaned over her in the push-up position.

He grinned at my wife. "Are you really ready?"

She nodded, eyes wide and fearful, hands gripping his forearms.

"Just let my weight do the work. Sit still."

Her voice was tiny and unsure. "Okay."

He took a couple breaths, cock flexing at her entrance, then dropped down.

I frantically moved the phone in as his shaft plunged down straight into my wife's pussy. It was phenomenal. It was slow, but steady. Inch after inch vanished. Then it slowed.

Macy groaned like she was lifting a heavy weight. "Oh fuck, that's full."

Bender chuckled. "You did it. But I think..." He pushed down more, just a tiny

bit more of his cock disappearing. "I think I've hit bottom." There was still two inches of his cock exposed.

She trembled nervously. "Um, yeah, I think that's it. I can feel it up in my stomach."

Bender wriggled around, his shaft so thick it easily dragged my wife's body around with it. "Yep, that's it." He settled back onto his knees so he was at more of an angle and not straight up and down. Then he eased himself down onto her, resting on his elbows. His face and mouth were close to hers and they stared at each other's eyes as he began moving. His oiled cock began sliding in and out of my wife. She moved her hips with him and suddenly they were kissing.

I captured it all. It was so fucking hot I was shaking. I moved around until I was between his feet. His thick tool had Macy's pussy stretched open in a big circle around his shaft. That shaft plunged in and out, making oily juicy noises. He kept it slow and I stroked my cock again as his balls obscured the view with each stroke.

I reached my hand in, sliding my fingers wide on either side of his cock. I felt my wife's pussy lips moving as his shaft slid through my fingers. Both were slick with juices. I massaged his balls, wanting to pleasure him while he fucked my Macy. He fucked her a little faster. The bed began to creak with his weight. Macy's breathy moans began filling the room – occasionally muffled when they kissed.

He was owning her and it felt great. My cock felt harder than ever before. I stroked it and watched, moving back to the side. Brief glimpses of his sliding cock told me he was deep-fucking my wife. Her head turned towards me and her eyes were bright. Her lips were red from being kissed. Slowly, her eyes closed in a delirium – a happy smile on her face.

Now my life was complete. I had the job, the car, the girl - and she was all woman. She had proved it.

Bender pulled out, panting happily. He shook his head. "She's tight."

I laughed dizzily. "You got it in."

He smiled and waggled his eyebrows. He hauled her up and sat back against the

headboard. He moved her around like she was a little doll. "Sit on me. That way you can control how deep it goes."

She nodded weakly.

I captured a great shot of her little pussy touching his cock and opening. She slid down onto it with a guttural moan. She began moving, eyes closed. "Oh... fuck..." Her hips went faster and faster, and her head began hanging.

He reached up and brushed fingers across her nipples, making them poke out with excitement. She clawed at his chest and whimpered. Her body began trembling and took on a light sheen of dampness. He grunted, "Do it, girl. Fuck that little pussy on me."

She gasped, "Do you like it?"

"Yeah, it feels great. I can't wait to do it again."

My wife groaned loud and convulsed. She gritted her teeth and began bucking hard, cumming on our neighbor's amazingly thick cock. She moaned loudly, "Yes, fuck...me."

He gripped her waist and began moving her on him, like he was jacking his cock using her body. Which, I guess he was, she was so light. He whispered, "Yeah..."

I watched him move her pussy up and down on his cock faster and faster. His body began to tense. Macy had mostly gone limp, her lips moving and occasionally mumbling gibberish.

I was at the foot of the bed. "Hey, um... You might want to pull out. You know..."

He didn't alter the pace of fucking one bit. He leaned his head out to see me and said with a high gasp, "I never, ever pull out." He groaned loudly after that and I saw him press my wife's hips down onto his straining cock and hold it there. His shaft began slowly and rhythmically pulsing – flexing as his balls clenched with each expansion. He was shooting his cum way up inside my wife's pussy.

I panicked. "But..."

Macy was grinding her hips on him, milking his spurting cock. White, creamy sperm began to be visible – oozing from her pussy all around his shaft.

The shock was like a bolt of electricity to my dick. I grabbed it quickly as my body tensed. I jacked it fast, eyes screwing shut. The soles of my feet tickled in spasms and then I was shooting my cum out of my dick. Ropes of it flew out over the bed and landed on Macy's back and Bender's thighs. I grunted and heaved, feeling the knotting release come and go. I collapsed onto the floor and watched Bender's cum run out of my wife's pussy and down his balls.

Macy leaned down and they kissed.

I was exhausted. What a fucking awesome way to start the day.

CHAPTER 8

I jacked constantly, watching the vid I had captured on my phone. It was fucking fantastic. I wanted to lick the screen each time I watched his cock piston in and out of Macy's stretched-out pussy.

But it was still something I had to bring up. I sat next to Macy on the bed when I got home the next night. "Hey, I got pizza."

She mumbled in her sleep.

I shook her. "I thought we should talk about something."

She moaned and rolled over to face me. "Mmm?"

"You know, he probably shouldn't be cumming in you."

"Why not?"

I held up my hands and coughed. "Because you might get preggers?"

"Let's not ruin it. We've come this far..."

"Ruin it?"

She sat up and rubbed her face. "Yeah, he said he never pulls out."

My shoulders drooped. "Oh...yeah."

"Besides...I...like feeling it."

"It feels good?"

"All hot and powerful-like. I don't know; it's special."

"You're not on the pill though and I don't think a condom would fit him."

"He doesn't use condoms, either. He's picky."

"Oh."

She laid back down. "Besides, I probably can't get pregnant, anyway."

"What makes you so sure?"

She snuggled into her pillow. "Well, I haven't gotten pregnant ever before, right?"

"Right."

"So."

But that's because I was pulling out.

~ ~ ~

Bender came over every day. At least, that's what Macy told me when I was working. A couple of times in the morning I would hear them in the living room fucking on the couch. Their gasps and moans drew me in the first two times, but after that I would wake up, listen, and go back to sleep.

Macy had some new spark in her. She fucked me mad every couple of days and talked about how great he felt inside her. When she did, I'd cum uncontrollably. The day before my day off, she sat stroking me in bed and mentioned how good his cock felt stretching out her pussy. How good it felt to feel his body straining as he shot his cum deep inside. My cock blew up instantly, cum shooting into the air. She smiled at me and kissed my dick.

He came over on my day off. "Hey Trevor." His grin was satisfied.

I waved him in and shut the door.

He peeked around.

"She's in the bathroom. If you want to head into the bedroom..."

"I can take her down to my place if you want."

I considered it; I was in WoW. "Nah, I'll log out. Kinda want to watch again."

He winked. "Sure."

I logged out and followed him into the bedroom. I could hear the shower still running. She liked to shower after work. I said, "Do you ever suck cock?"

He laughed. "No."

"Why not?"

"Not my thing."

"But I suck yours." I didn't understand.

"Yeah... So...?"

"You must like it."

He shrugged. "I don't think much of it, really. If it helps you be excited, whatever."

"Oh. So...you believe she's a woman now?"

He looked at me for half a second and nodded. "She's coming along real nicely. One doesn't just turn into a woman overnight."

I felt some hope in that, but I would've preferred it was instant. "Oh, yeah, of course."

He winked.

Macy came out, hair damp and towel wrapped around her. Her eye makeup was washed away, and she looked basic. I felt a little embarrassed that she didn't have on her eye shadow and liner. It made her stand out and look different. Like this, she looked like any other plain girl. Just basic.

He picked her up and she squealed. He tossed her down onto the bed and tore the towel from her. She gasped, open-mouth, eyes locked to his.

Her voice was quivering. "Are you...going to...fuck me?"

He growled as he slipped out of his worn jeans. "I'm going to ram your little pussy."

My wife had been sort of tense. She collapsed back on the bed, legs spreading and submitting.

I got my cell phone going, recording.

Bender shook his head. "Put that thing down. I don't know what you kids are more attached to: your dicks or your phones."

"Uh...what?"

"Come here and jack me. Get me hard and guide me into your little wife."

"Oh, sure. Okay." I bobbed my head. Of course. Sex is supposed to be sexy. I need to do my part. He dropped some oil into my hand and I began rubbing his hanging cock. I smoothed the oil into it as it began firming. I tugged in a milking motion until the blood filled it and it began rising.

Bender chuckled. "Your hands are as smooth as your wife's. You sure you were born a boy? You're not one of those twixties, or tweenies, or transies, or whatever the fuck you kids call it nowadays?"

I coughed. "No, I am cisgender."

He snorted. "What the fuck is that?"

"I'm a cis-male."

"A sissy male?" His cock was standing straight out and fully engorged. It throbbed hotly in my hand.

Macy giggled.

I coughed again and hung my head for sympathy. "No, I'm a male born a male.

But I'm pansexual."

"Yeah, you fuck frying pans; I got that part. Guide the head inside her." He moved closer to my wife and pulled her into position. Her familiar shaved pussy was flushed and waiting.

I rubbed the large head around her lips, parting them. It felt so hot holding another man's dick and positioning it at my wife's pussy. I felt a very strong bond amongst the three of us. I placed the head at her hole and began stroking his shaft. My cock was hard and up, throbbing with my pulse in the air without me touching it.

Bender grinned at me. "You like this a lot, huh?"

I croaked feverishly, "Yes."

"All right, keep jacking me then; I'm going to get the head in."

I jacked his beautiful shaft faster. It felt full and powerful, just what my Macy needed to be a woman. My cock began leaking pre-cum. I felt his cock stiffen as he pushed. Macy reached and grabbed my other hand, squeezing.

The head of Bender's cock slowly moved past her opening and into her pussy hole. My hand shook as I stroked his length and my breathing came in gasps. I was trembling.

He said, "All right, let go. I'm going to fuck your wife now."

Macy let go of my hand and I let go of his dick. She grabbed his forearms and spread her legs wider. I grabbed my dick and almost came.

He shoved, sliding his shaft into her pussy. My wife clawed at his arms and tilted her hips, gasping and tensing. He neared the end and slowed, but kept pushing. Macy began panting.

I got my phone recording and tried not to touch my super-sensitive dick. Bender's shaft looked like it was in farther than before. He was panting, too.

He said to her, "I really need this, so I'm going to give it to you hard."

She whimpered. "Okay, please." Her body was writhing on his cock. I could tell she was extremely horny.

Bender began pumping, sort of fast. His feet were spread out and his butt flexed with muscles as he shoved it deep into my wife. Macy closed her eyes and opened her mouth. He thrust faster and her breaths came out in rushes. He muttered, "Fucking tight little pussy. We're going to stretch you out."

Macy moaned.

"You need my cock." He thrust harder, and his cock began hitting deeper spots. His balls began hitting her ass and I was losing sight of his shaft. He was getting it deeper in her.

Macy called out, "Yes, fuck me! Fuck me!"

My wife crying out like this as the big man pounded her pussy almost made me cum. I tensed up, holding my breath.

He fucked her savage. The bed slammed against the wall and the springs creaked loudly. His cock was a slick blur as it owned her pussy. My wife was crying out, clawing his arms. "Fuck me! More!" Her words trailed off into a wordless wail that echoed through the apartment.

Hearing my wife beg for that epic bone was too much. I knew it was coming and I couldn't stop it. I groaned heavily and began jacking.

Bender looked over. "You like this, boy? You like seeing your little wife get fucked?" The slap of his balls against her was almost as loud as her wails.

My eyes rolled up in my head. "Yes! Fuck her."

"You like my cock in her?"

"Oh...fuck..." Cum burst out of my dick in extremely harsh squirts. I thought my balls were going to tear apart. Squirt after squirt lanced out fast and furious. I felt the drain and my balls began to ache. I was seeing stars and swaying on my feet.

The slapping and sounds slowed. Macy quieted to a whimper. Her eyes were

open and pleading with Bender's.

He said, "All right, I'm going to get as deep as I can. You're going to help in a second, Trevor."

I gasped, "Okay."

He picked up my wife and climbed on the bed with his cock still in her. She clung to him desperately. He laid her farther back and lifted her legs, bending them up so her feet were on his shoulders. He sank his cock in, pressing and straining. Macy began panting in short breaths, sweat slicking her forehead.

I watched his entire cock disappear. Whoah fuck, dude!

He looked back at me, breathing heavily. "I'm as deep as I can get. Get behind me and start massaging my balls."

I happily did so, pleased to be involved again. I grabbed his huge ballsack and began massaging.

He sighed and said, "Yeah, that's it. Keep doing that."

Macy whispered, "So deep and full. I can feel it swelling..."

Bender's body was beginning to quiver and his breathing came faster and louder. He whispered, "Yeah, yeah, oh yeah..."

I could feel his ballsack begin drawing up. It was fucking awesome.

He gasped out, "Start squeezing. Medium squeezes—" He groaned loud.

I squeezed his convulsing ballsack, giving his orgasm that extra burst of strength. His body flexed with each convulsion, and I matched my squeezes to them. I helped his sperm shoot deep into my Macy's pussy.

Macy's moans turned hot and breathy. Her body writhed on his cock, milking it dry.

Bender began pulling up, his body still jerking in orgasm. "Get around here; grab my dick."

I scrambled around and grabbed the shaft of his cock.

"Start jacking it. Fast," he panted.

I stroked him as fast as I could. He grunted a couple of times and then slowly withdrew his cock from Macy's pussy.

He gasped, "Faster!"

I moved my hand in a blur and felt one, last massive pulse. Cum shot out the end of his dick and spattered against my wife's gaping pussy.

"All right, all right, let go." He staggered off the bed, breathing heavily.

I was entranced with the sight of Macy's pussy. It was stretched open and I could see inside. A river of cum was flowing out of her. Without any kind of thought, I buried my face in that awesome pussy and began sucking and licking. It was heavenly.

My wife grabbed my hair and cried out, her body tensing. She mashed my head into her pussy and ground her hips up and down.

I think I gave her the best orgasm she and I had ever had.

CHAPTER 9

Weeks passed. Bender didn't come over every day, but he kept her pussy worked at least five times a week. Sometimes I was involved, other times I slept or played WoW. He was so sexually active that he wore me out. Macy walked around in dreamland, a smile on her face that never seemed to go away.

Until she came down sick. Working at the Joltin' Java exposed her to a lot of people. She was in the shower on a Monday morning when Bender knocked.

"Hey Trevor." He winked at me.

"Hey, dude. Come on in. Maybe we should get you a key." I laughed.

He grunted. "Maybe."

I knew he didn't need one; Macy often went down to his apartment for their fun. "She's still in the shower, though I'm not sure she's up for anything."

"Still not feeling well? You kids expect to remain healthy when all you eat is pizza and ramen?"

"Hey, it's food."

"It's not nutritious."

"It tastes good."

He shook his head.

I said, "So, can I suck your cock?"

He snorted. "I guess..."

I heard Macy get out of the shower. I asked him, "So...when you're doing her, can I do you up the ass?"

He gave me such an outraged look and raise his hand as if to backhand me across the face. I ducked and raised my arms, pouting at him from under my eyebrows. He turned his upraised hand into a pointing finger. "You try that crap on me and I'll break that little dick of yours in half. Then I'll rip it off and make you eat it. Am I getting through to you?"

I was holding up my hands. "Fine, fine. I didn't know you were such an old antique."

He sniffed and shook his head. "I'm fifty, not an antique."

"Whoa dude, fifty? That's like half a century."

He facepalmed.

Macy came out, looking pale. "Oh, hi."

I beamed, "I was just going to suck his dick."

Bender chuckled and shook his head.

Macy's head tilted over a little. "Yeah, sorry, Bender. I'm not feeling all too hot. But I'll help."

He shrugged and dropped his jeans.

I knelt as my wife gripped his shaft and began stroking it in my face. It hardened enough for me to get it in my mouth and I licked and slurped at the head.

Bender groaned and his cock hardened to full.

I ran my tongue and lips all over it, wishing I had an epic cock like this one. I sucked hard and moved my head, giving him my best. Macy's hand moved steadily on him and after a few minutes of sucking and stroking, his shaft began to swell in my mouth. His breaths came fast and I sucked harder.

Macy was smiling. "Suck it, Trevor." Her hand moved earnestly and I sucked harder.

Bender's face screwed up and he groaned loudly.

I pushed my head as far as it would go on his massive cock, taking his head up against the back of my throat. I felt him shake. My wife's fingers hit my lips over and over as she coaxed him to cum. His first blast was an enormous shock. I had never seen the man cum before, except at the end. A huge glob squirted against the back of my throat and spread. Some went down, and some went up.

My wife stroked him slowly, milking his cock with strong moves into my mouth.

I gagged instantly, coughing and sending cum running out of my mouth.

She kept stroking and he kept cumming. There was no way I could swallow even a quarter of it. We made a huge mess.

EPILOGUE

Yeah, Macy didn't feel well; she felt great. Turns out she was pregnant. I was scared.

She said, "I know it's his."

I rubbed my arms, feeling very insecure. "What do you plan to do?"

She crossed her arms and gave me a look.

"What?"

She said, "Don't think I'm going to have an abortion."

I felt my world drain like water with a tsunami of relief. "Oh, thank god."

"Huh?"

"I didn't want you to get one. But it's your right...you know..."

She smiled quizzically. "You want me to have his baby?"

"Yes! There's no better man that could've done it. I hope it's a boy and grows up like him."

"You didn't want to have a child from your seed?"

I laughed. "Mine? Like any boy from me would ever grow up and be a man like Bender. Pff. Sure. He's better breeding stock."

She giggled. "Oh. You know, this conversation makes me realize how much I really love you."

I got all embarrassed. "Stop it."

She pouted. "I'm serious. Are you going to want to raise his child?"

"Of course. It's ours, really. You're my wife."

~ ~ ~

I lost my career. I took too many sick days so I could watch Bender fuck my wife with that awesome cock. Too many sick days - at least, that's what my asshole supervisor said. I think he was just jealous I made the best pizzas in town.

We couldn't pay the rent and Bender stepped up like the coolest dude ever and offered us to move into his place. We were blitzed and agreed. At first, we all slept in the same bed, Macy in the middle. But as her belly grew, I had to start sleeping on the couch. Her soft moans and gasps would put me to sleep and sometimes wake me up.

Before I had met Bender, I had been hating being a real adult. Now I saw how fun being an adult could be. In the end, she gave birth to a healthy boy, and I loved him.

Thank you for reading *Your Wife is Too Small!* I appreciate all reviews because I don't have a team giving me hundreds of 5-stars before the book is even finished.

You can find a mostly complete list of Laran Mithras books on [GoodReads](#).